

VOICE OF THE TRIBE



NOTHING
SERED

#2

"ENCINO THE CLOWN"

L.A. POETS
SUSAN TYRELL
BRAIN CAPERS

HEY MAN!
WELCOME TO ISSUE #2!

THE QUIET REVOLUTION
IS READY TO RUMBLE..
THE APATHY OF
THE "WHY-MEZ" GENERATION
IS WRITHING IN ITS FINAL
PAIN...

PEOPLE ARE REALIZING
THAT
RETRO = DEATH
AND
THAT NO ONE CAN UNITE
THIS TRIBE
BUT US...

NUTHING SACRED IS YOUR
FORUM
SEND IN YOUR BAHANGE
OR
SIMPLY SPREAD THE WORD.

WE'RE IN THIS
TOGETHER.

To the Bone...
Sosnicki

Thanks to
The Nuthing Sacred Riders:
Stephanie Stark, Dave Martincheck
Joshua Lorton

Cover Photos:
Barry Grossman

THINGS I HAVE EXPERIENCED
being born
breaking four ribs
stealing a car and not getting caught
having sex on a plane (in the bathroom; airborn)
climbing a mountain
making a baby laugh
being stuck in a broken elevator
smuggling illegal fireworks from Mexico
staying awake for three days in a row
falling in love
etc.

-Pleasant German

The Sunbath

The sun
egg-shaped
fur-skinned
like a kiwifruit
dipping
tendrils down
from
ice-black sunspots
stroking
my cock
my come
rising
pure white
light
and I
not only
got off,
but I got
a nice tan, too.

Todd Mecklem

GIG

At the club
He blows his horn
Like breathing
An art untaught
The sudden attack
Before a stunned crowd
Of admirers
His axe fallen
Smile on moistened lips
Departure
On a par with
Heaven

-Jay Sosnicki

I WAS YOUR PUNK ROCK DREAM

I was your punk rock dream
we rocked together like skateboards on the ramp
I was tough and so were you

PATINO 91

NATIVE

WE'VE GROWN UP WITH NO DISCERNABLE SEASONS
AND THE WARM THREAT OF BEING DRIVEN CRAZY
BY THE SANTA ANA WINDS ON A DESERT NIGHT
EARTHQUAKES AND MOVIE PREMIERES: CAUSES FOR CONCERN

WE'VE GROWN UP IN A PLACE THAT IS RECOGNIZABLE WORLDWIDE
AND GONE TO SCHOOL WITH THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF
CAPTAIN KIRK, SHIRLEY PARTRIDGE, OZZIE AND HARRIET,
LUCY AND RICKY, ELLIE MAE AND JETHRO
GINGER AND GILLIGAN
THE PROFESSOR AND MARY ANN

WE'VE GROWN UP BELIEVING ONE IS ENTITLED
TO A CAR AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN
AND PSYCHOANALYSIS AT THE ONSET OF PUBESCAPE
BELIEVING THAT PALM TREES AND DESIGNER DRUGS
ARE INDIGENOUS TO THE CLIMATE
AND THAT IF THE STREETS AREN'T REALLY PAVED WITH GOLD,
PINK AND BLACK GRANITE WITH BRASS TRIM WILL DO QUITE NICELY.

WE'VE GROWN UP WAVING AT SIGHTSEEING BUSES
THE CHERRY BOMB SUN SETTING SPECTACULARLY
THROUGH THE CARBON MONOXIDE
WHILE SURFERS RIDE THE LAST WAVE OF HIGH TIDE
AND THE DRAG QUEEN CAR HOP SKATES BY WITH YOUR
TRIPLE THICK SHAKE AND NO FRILLS DIET BURGER

WE'VE GROWN UP LISTENING TO THE STATIC AND OLDIES
BROADCAST FROM A TINY STATION IN MEXICO
HOURS OF DEDICATIONS TO PEOPLE IMPRISONED: PENITENTIARY
PENITENTIARY OR THE BARRIO
WHILE WE CUT OUR DEALS AND DROP THE RIGHT NAMES
AND TAKE POWER LUNCHES, WORK OUT WITH PEOPLE WHO MATTER.

WE'VE GROWN UP AS THOUGH ALL THIS WAS A MATTER OF COURSE;
NO WONDER WE'RE DIFFERENT...

PLEASANT GEHMAN

Sunday

The young bum
Went about his way
Very methodic
In plucking cans
And wotnot
From the barrels
And piling them in the heap
Of a shopping cart
His Dead t-shirt grimy
And a cheap pair
Of ladies long brown
Dinner gloves
Hanging in tatters
The old couple
Clucked as they
Approached
And
"Look, Don in the garbage..."
She sniffed
"A young man like that
picking trash..."
"He'd be better off dead..."
Said the old man
They crawled with effort
To the bench
I stared across the wavy
Lines of heat
On Santa Monica Blvd
Chickenhawks fairies
And old jews
The woman's face at me:
"Did you see that?"
I looked at her
"A young man like that
picking trash"
I looked across at a pigeon
Trying to make it
She persisted: "A young
STRONG
man, why would he?
My husband says he'd be better off
dead"
"He'd be better off dead" said the old
fuck
Apparently I was deaf
"There's lotsa nutty people
in this world"
She said
The pigeon snagged a crumb
And took flight against
The heat
I was thirsty
The cool citrus
Of my guava can
Splashed back
Easing time that passed
Like
Dry screaming

Jay Sosnicki

CIVILIAN

Soldiers of the "hood"
Kill at will
Drive-by and drop dead a life
A flash of metal
Lickety-split
A lifetime judged, determined, made
The boom of doom
Slab me, tag me
Ha-ha screw you
You just set me free.

TEO '91

ONE CLEVER CLOWN

One clever clown
Pulls the whole circus down.
He deals out happiness
To the flash of his fiery whim.
Details only too grim
To spell it out loud.

A chronic case of daily life
Held in the palm of one.
In the other hand he's got a knife
It's your throat he's aimin' for.

His specialty is taming children
But he loves to play with lions
On his face he paints a big smile
But on the inside he's really cryin'.

Speaking of the inside
He knows you so well
He can fool you without even tryin'.
But it's true he's really lyin'.

Blaming you for your own absurd willingness
To become someone's target

A chronic case of daily life
Held in the palm of one
In the other hand he's got a knife
It's your throat he's aimin' for.

The whole country one big gun
In the hand of the smilin' one
Who cries louder when he sees you run
Exclaiming, "What have I done to you?"

Your heart is a candle of melting wax
The burnin' flame that sees its last long chance
Toward some kind of freedom.

Cameron Lane

I ATE FIG NEWTONS UNTIL I FURED

she quakes like a volcano that has been inactive for years
she seems to have a fault line
running thru the continent of her body
the landscape of her cities
collapse and burn
we lie in the ruins

my dick is getting raw
but her tuff little pussy is ready for more
we just can't seem to get enough

did the same thing with meatloaf and pizza

when we are together

she and I

we just can't seem to get enough

I get down there
into her little cookie jar
and blow the dust off
eating her has the feel of a
good book
a classic

with the musty smell of gold leaf

I work the corners and study it well
commit the best of it to memory
then we fuck

make love

long and hard
we do the old in and out

sweat like summer in the south
then she sucks me until I am crazy
and I mount her like a dog
ignorant to anything but her box
as the cars roll by
the time ticks away
the neighbors argue
and children pike and play
the grass grows a little longer
and we just can't do it enough

she wants me to cum
like a whale on a roller coaster ride
so I roll her over and give her my ticket for the big ride
and I watch

only imagining how good it is

she quakes like a volcano that has been inactive for years

She tells me I am
with her
on the clock
we are caught somewhere in the
difference between us
I tell her the same

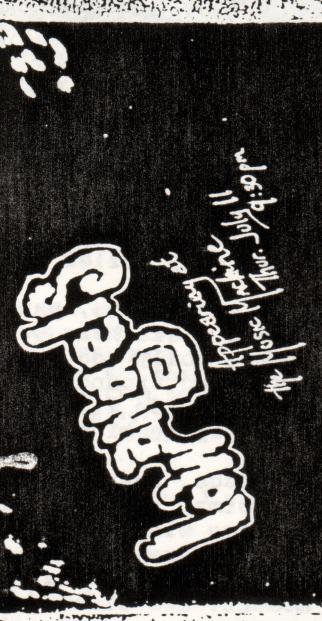
we call our obsession passion
we binge and purge
and it hurts so fucking good
that I don't think I can stand to go
thru it again

until the next time

when I can work her with my fingers
she does her levitation thing and we are
trick together

she told me that she found my fingers on her
shoulders
soft bruises
like the dark spots on a banana
we call them love

S.A. Griffin



Appetite
House of Pain
July 11, 1991

SUSAN TYRELL'S "Rotten"

Susan Tyrell has the kind of presence that demands attention. Whether playing the white-trash mama Ramona Ricketts of Cry-Baby, or the kind hearted drudge of Andy Warhol's Bad, she gets into the skin of the most freakish character parts and lends them a tangible, riveting humanity. Now comes My Rotten Life: A Bitter Operetta, a self-penned torrent of angst revolving around the ups and downs of a failed actress.

Part confession, part fantasy, the show is a fucking blast. a slashing parody of vanity, sex, and getting lost in the Hollywood machine. She doesn't dissapoint. Strutting around on the Hammer-horror stage (a post-suicide limbo), clutching a stuffed mutant poodle, Susan is rocking hard and at the peak of her powers.

Offstage, Susan parties with as much relish as she performs, yet she is unaffected as a person, clearly more at home with her friends and a case than out in the night life. There is little talk of acting, her past films, or her past in general - she is totally a creature of the moment. She also seems cautious about her long overdue success.

NS: Have you ever trained, or is it all "school of life" for you?

ST: TOTAL school of life. I almost got kicked out of high school. They gave me an honorary diploma because I got an acting job, and Look Magazine did a story on me, but I was a failure as a student. If it doesn't come naturally to me, I don't give a fuck about it, that's my philosophy. NOW I'm training my voice like hell, but I'm pretty much a natural.

NS: Has that attitude ever caused problems?

ST: Yeah, a bunch of times. I give a director a week to see what his priorities are, and if it isn't happening, then I just blow it out my ass. I don't give anything to someone I don't respect, and that's where I get into trouble.

NS: Well what films have you dug that you worked on?

ST: A few. Bad, Forbidden Zone, and... I did a Jim Thompson novel (The Killer Inside Me), but I never saw it. Cry Baby was the last thing I did, and if I hadn't written the show I would never have worked again.

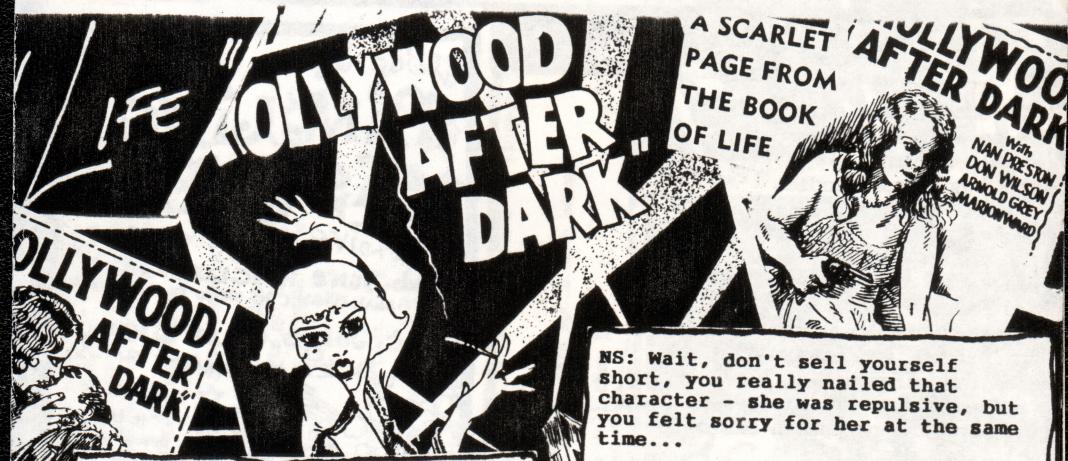
ADR Inc. James Pott and Michael Lathers
in association with
Condor/West
Presents

What becomes a... *at least*

SUSAN TYRELL
in
MY ROTTEN LIFE
- a bitter operetta

Performances: Thur/Fri/Sat 8 p.m.
Doors Open: 7 p.m. Full Bar
Advance Sales/Reservations 285-3189

THE PINK
2810 Main St., Santa Monica
Limited Engagement



NS: You were great in that movie. You and Iggy were the only things worth watching.

ST: Yeah, but with freaks like me and Iggy, you have to stay with them, let them breathe - we're not just sight gags, and that's all we were in that movie. We never really lived on the screen. If I get a part that's got substance, something that breathes, that's UP THERE, then I'll do something with it. But if you're going to rip it off, use me as some stick figure, then fuck you, I'll hang with the crew, or the townspeople of the location, whatever. I may show up with only two hours sleep, but I'm there. There's a lot of people who wish I wouldn't behave that way.

NS: Would you rather compromise and work a lot, or do your own thing with the show?

ST: Well, it worked out well because I wrote something great, but I will compromise. When you work with a director, your heart is on a platter, your guts are in a bucket. You come as their tool. It's a trust. If the director turns out to be a dickhead, I'm gone. My body is there but I'm not. BUT... My hotel room is fabulous. I've had a hell of a life - I've made great friends, I've had incredible lovers, lovers of a lifetime. So if the movie isn't working out, I make sure that my LIFE is enhanced. I'm a survivor that way. After this show, I really don't give a shit if I act again - maybe a part here and there, but I'd rather go live in a garden in Europe and be married, you know?

NS: What did you do to prepare for your role in Bad?

ST: I love that one too. Nothing. I showed up and looked at the script before each scene. The costume did it, I was so ugly...

NS: Wait, don't sell yourself short, you really nailed that character - she was repulsive, but you felt sorry for her at the same time...

ST: She was the only non-bastard in the movie, yeah. No, I didn't work on it, it just came out. The worst part was the kid that played my baby. The casting people put out a call for "the ugliest twins in the world". Fuck, I wonder what they look like now...

NS: My roommates and I used to know your lines by heart.

ST: You're pathetic...

NS: Tell me how the show came about...

ST: Oh, shit, all these questions. I had never written anything before, but I wasn't working, and it was sort of a do or die thing. It just came out one day, and it hasn't changed much. I met Janet (Pett, the show's producer) on the street one day, she said "Aren't you Susan Tyrell?". I said "I used to be, Sister..." (Laughs). We hit it off, and I told her I had written the show, and it took off from there. We did it first as a reading at The Pink, and we've been playing there for two months (The show is now extended through August). We'll see what happens.

NS: Do you want to take it to New York, the whole nine yards?

ST: Sure, but I don't really care about acting. I just live my life.

NS: If you could do anything all the time, non-stop, what would it be?

ST: Fucking...

(My Rotten Life is playing at The Pink, 2810 Main St., Santa Monica; Performances Thur/Fri/Sat Eves. 8 p.m. Call for reservations: 285-3189

IT'S DARING!

The desert heat stifles
as pervasive as the rust,
slowly rotting
the long-unused bodies
of the vehicles
junked in the dirt yard
inside,
stacks of newspapers
and fashion magazines
lean haphazardly
against the wood-grained
Formica coffee-table
the faucet drips lazily, audaciously
staining the porcelain basin
with iron deposits
Dusty-screened
the TV sits silent
piled with coupons and unpaid bills
the front door is open
but the room is murky
frayed shades drawn against the afternoon
Two girls lay on the couch
in panties and t-shirts
chainsmoking
wishing for action and air conditioning
insects drone low
along with the faraway sounds of the freeway:
At least someone is going somewhere

Pleasant Gehman

Funtime

I will make that leap
Again and again
It's funny and kind of sad too
Hanging by nails from the windowsill
Over spikes of an iron grate
And beneath
The unforgiving black of asphalt
I'm silent for a moment
Feeling my body weight
Fully stretch those wimpy
Arm muscles
And my friends
Who know this trick
Yet maintain a base of fear
With each repetition
They cajole me into the solemn
Rise to the hardwood floor
And one more night
Without you

Jay Sosnicki

★ See the ... ★
RINGLING SISTERS ★
 ★ ★ LIVE this Summer! ★
Wed. JUNE 19th • CLUB RADIO
 KXLU NIGHT w/ waldo the dog-faced boy
Sat. July 6th • CLOB LINGERIE
 with EL VEZ, the Mexican Elvis!!
 ★ = a.k.a. =
 come to a
 special **free**
 show on
 Sunday, June 20
 at
MONSTERS
 6109 McElroy
 4 blocks east
 of Highland Ave
 3:00 pm
FREE!
 write to us + get
 our newsletter!

LOLLAPALOOZA
 .. FESTIVAL ..

Jane's Addiction
 Siouxsie and the Banshees
 Living Colour
 Nine Inch Nails
 Ice-T
 BH Surfers
 Rollins Band

JULY 24, 2PM
 IRVINE MEADOWS AMPHITHEATRE

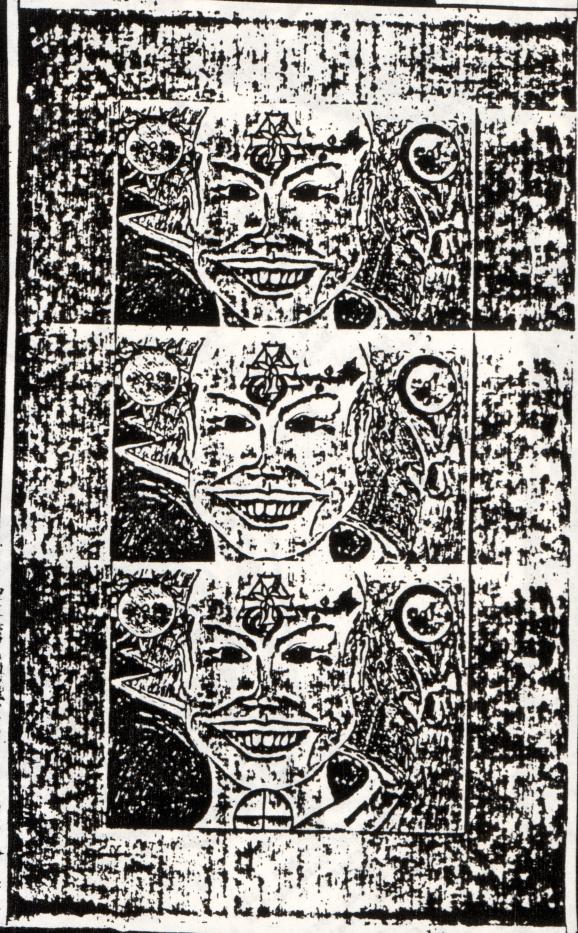
AC/DC

AC/DC
 JULY 22 - GASLIGHT

A WINTER'S TAIL

GRAVES IN HILLS
 SOIL DUG BY MEN
 TO BURY ONE MORE
 THE FUTURE DEVIL
 GIVES YOU A TASTE
 AND YOU LICK HIS HORN
 THE NIGHT IS OVER
 THE LIGHT IS UNDER
 YOUR SHADES ARE FROZEN
 TO YOUR FACE
 AS THE SCREAMS FROM
 BELOW
 BECOME A HELLO
 I WATCH THE WATER DRIP
 FROM YOUR HEART
 AND NOTICE HOW COOL
 YOU REALLY ARE...

—CONRAD
 NAVA



THE DOOR

A white door stares blankly at my face
 Taking strength from thin limbs
 The door is fearsome yet filled with liquid sensuality
 It craves an opening, yearning
 Begging and pulling
 Drawing me in
 I see thin fingers stretching from my body toward
 the door
 Passion unlocking
 Soul seeking escape from skin
 Opening and Release

Once discarded, now lying in wait
 Truth sits upon cold stone
 Waiting to bless and bestow Hell
 To the taker...

JOSHUA LORTON

UNTITLED
 TORN
 BETWEEN
 MULTIPLE
 RAGING
 PASSIONS

FOCUS
 IS NEEDED
 IN THIS
 TEMPLE

—J.S.

(3)

3 a.m.
Lying awake
at 3 a.m.
at the back of your head.
Staring back and let me
wishing to turn and let me
you would turn and let me
into your eyes
took your heart.
And you keep to me
into thus
But you can see into
your back to me
and you can see into
your back to me
I can see into
your back to me
neither.
I can see into
your back to me
so alone
At 3 a.m.
Dan Steele



A

Sleepless

Softness
Against
Your shoulders
And chest
We lie
A mass
Of strange
Midnight
Conversations
Lasting
Into
Filtering
Day

Stephanie Stark



I Can Remember
I saw the reflection of
the sun on her eyes of her chin, her breasts
the smooth curve of forming her
arcane equations structure.
I could feel the bladders on cue,
and other was dry, the moment approaching.
My mouth was dry, the worst.
I could feel the bladders on cue,
and other was dry, the moment approaching.
She broke the blood rolled, collapsing,
and the camera was completed, collapsing,
She shot, my veins in my head, the end of all.
I sang, rhyming words as she turned
a shrubbery smiling.
She was walking toward me

late night at ---'s place
and what i have become
feeling as if the past to see myself
i seek the shelter of my neighbor
-Christian Howard

Todd Hecklem



HEARTBREAKER



1952-1991



MUTHING SACRED
Is Published Bi-Monthly
To Feed
Hungry Heads

Submit Poetry, Lyrics, Art
and Brainage to:

MUTHING SACRED
1921 N. Whitley #12
Hollywood, Ca. 90068

NO RULES. NO BULLSHIT.
!!TO THE BONE!!

WHAT'R
YEW FUCKERS
WAITING FOR?

